ON THE TRAIN.

One sunny morn in Maytime,
While on the train, I saw
A smile as frank as daytime—
A face without a flaw.
And all the names of story
(So beautiful was she)
In their romantic glory,
Came thronging back to me.

Maud, Mary, Madge and Mabel,
And Enid and Elaine—
A "cognomenic" babel
Made ferment in my brain.
Rose seemed the best selection,
Yet even that was weak
To match her soft complexion,
The glow upon her cheek.

We steamed into the station;
She swept adown the aisle;
I had a palpitation,
She flushed so weak a smile.
But, standing on the platform,
I heard—unlucky man!
A loud voice from a fat form,
"*Hello! Matilda-Ann.*"

HOW WE MOVED.

It was the 30th day of April when my cousin, Peregrine Post, came into the office, threadbare and shabby as usual, with the nap worn off his hat, his garments threadbare with much wear and excessive brushing, and a pair of fingerless gloves upon his hands.

I can not say that I was glad to see him. My cousin, Peregrine Post, was one of those luckless fellows who are always losing property, making unfortunate investments, and borrowing small sums of money which are to be repaid, without fail, at the expiration of precisely one week from the date of the loan. But he was a good sort of fellow, too, in his way. He had made a love match with a pretty blue-eyed girl without a penny, and had half a dozen dimpled babies, and how they lived nobody knew.

Going to move the 1st of May, Cousin Jacob?" said he, beamingly.

"I suppose so," said I.

"So am I," said Cousin Peregrine. "Rent's getting too high—landlady has raised—all that sort of thing. So we're going to 11 Smith street."

I looked hard at Peregrine Post and made no remark. Was he going to ask me to lend him $5, or to demand that I should become security for his rent? I resolved in my inmost mind to say "No" to either proposition at once.

"And, as we're pretty low for furniture," said Peregrine, "it occurred to my mind that perhaps you'd send us any old odds and ends that you've no particular use for. Children's cribs, chairs, tables, wash-tubs—anything, in fact!" with a comprehensive wave of the hand which seemed to embrace the whole subject.

"Peregrine Post," said I wrathfully, "do you think I've nothing to do but to buy furniture to give away?"

"Any old thing, you know," interposed my cousin with impurturbable good humor. "We aren't particular."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said I. "I have no 'old things.' My furniture is all substantial and excellent—"

"Wish mine was!" interjected Peregrine Post, rubbing the palm of his fingerless gloves together briskly.

"And I do not promise to part with it. So I wish you a very good morning."

"No offense, I hope," said Peregrine Post.

"Good morning," I repeated frigidly; and just then my clerk came in to tell me that the cartman was waiting outside for orders as to the moving ceremonial of the morrow.

I went home after business hours and told my wife about it.

"I'm sorry, Jacob," said she, a slight shadow coming over her face.

"Sorry!" I echoed.

"Because, dear, there's plenty of little odds and ends we could have spared just as well as not," said my wife. "Furniture does accumulate so when one has been keeping house for a long time; and I do feel so sorry for that poor little Nelly Post with her flock of babies!"

"I don't," I resolutely asserted. As people make their bed so they must lie on it. And I've no patience at all with Peregrine Post."

"He has had very bad luck through life, dear," pleaded my wife. "Your path has been in the sunshine; his has lain in the shadow. We ought not to be hard upon each other in this world, Jacob."

"That's all nonsense," said I stoutly. But I won't deny that my conscience did prick and sting me a little when I looked around at my own piles of stuffed easy chairs, brussels carpets, and springy chintz lounges neatly packed for transportation, and thought of poor Peregrine Post and his blue-eyed wife and the six little Posts with their humble plea for a few sticks of cast-off furniture.

The morning came—the cruel 1st of May, with its raw wind, tornadoes of dust, and the inevitable showers which come down as if by malice prepense just as the mattresses and the silken sofas are piled on the top of the load. I was compelled to be at my office, but my wife was to be at the new house to receive the furniture, while Bridget, our ancient and reliable housekeeper, dispatched it from the deserted domicile.

At 1 o'clock I contrived to escape from clients and parchments and hurried to 111 Smithson square—a fine, aristocratic neighborhood, with a green jewel of a park in its midst, and a general air of genteel seclusion about it, which suited my idea of a location exactly.

Mrs. Jacob Goldleaf sat alone on a campstool in the middle of the large, empty parlor, a shawl wrapped around her shoulders, and a mingled expression of weariness and anticipation on her face.

I looked around in surprise.

"Where's all the furniture, my dear?" said I.

"That is the question," said Mrs. Goldleaf, "where is it?"

"Hasn't it come?"

"Of course it hasn't," said Mrs. Goldleaf a little impatiently. "I should think you could see that for yourself."

There's some screw loose in the arrangements," said I. "I'll hurry back to the old place and find out what it all means."

I did so at once. Bridget, with an old handkerchief tied around her head and a red shawl enveloping her, a la Boadicea, queen of the Britons, was just locking up the house.

"Sure, I was goin' 'round to me cousin's for a bite of somethin' to eat," said she. "The second load has gone and the man won't be back in an hour or more."

"Bridget," said I, sepulchrally, "*where* has it gone?"

"To the new house, sure," said Bridget. "Where should it go?"

"Did you tell him where to drive?" I asked.

"Sure, he had a bit of a caird that you wrote yourslif," said Bridget.

I tore my hair. Who ever heard of a load of furniture getting lost in the streets of the metropolis, like a black-and-tan terrier or a barefooted baby?

"What on earth does this mean?" I demanded, apostrophizing the dismantled windows, the fireless grate, rather than any actual personality.

At that moment Mrs. Goldleaf came hurriedly in.

"I've left the new house with the real estate agent's boy," said she. "I couldn't rest quietly without coming to see what all this could mean. Oh, Jacob, shall we be left without a pillow to lay our heads on this night?"

"If the worst comes to the worst, we can go to a hotel," suggested I. "But it's the most mysterious example of an unaccountable disappearance that ever I heard of."

Just then there came a loud ringing at the doorbell and in tripped Cousin Peregrine Post's blue-eyed little wife.

"Dear, dear Cousin Jacob," she cried, running up to me in tears, "I must thank you with my own lips."

"Thank me! For what?" I demanded, wondering if trouble, and impecuniosity, and an overplus of babies had driven the little creature mad.

"I could hardly believe my own eyes," said she breathlessly. "And I'm so sorry I called you a 'hard-hearted flint' last night when Peregrine came home and told me how coldly you had repulsed him. How was I to know that you were all the while meditating this delightful surprise?"

I turned to my wife.

"Speak to her, Alice," said I, in a whisper. "Do contrive somehow to soothe her. I'm very much afraid she's going insane."

Mrs. Goldleaf, who has always been partial to my cousin Peregrine's wife, went up to her with outstretched hands.

"Tell me about it dear," said she.

"Don't you know?" said Nellie. "Ah, he is so good! He never lets his left hand know what his right hand does. It's the way with all real philanthropists. It's the beautiful furniture, Mrs. Goldleaf—chairs, sofas, tables, hair mattresses, a lovely set of china all packed in barrels, bureaus, engravings—oh, everything that you can possibly think of! Our little house is furnished completely. And oh, we did so need it!"

"Stop!" said I, huskily. "How did you know all these things came from me?"

"I asked the cartman," she said; "and he said Jacob Goldleaf, the lawyer, had sent him; and he showed me a card with 'No. 11 Smith street' written on it in your own hand writting."

This then explained the mystery. In my angry preoccupation of the day before I had written the address of the house which my cousin Peregrine Post had told me he was about to move into, instead of my own!

My wife looked at me with sparkling eyes of love and admiration.

"Dear Jacob," said she, "I knew—I knew you could be noble and magnanimous when you chose!"

"Oh, how—*how* can I ever thank you sufficiently?" sobbed Nellie, covering my hand with kisses.

I said nothing. What could I say? To this day the Posts believe that I had a spontaneous burst of generosity on that first day of May. But I had to explain matters to my wife, and I checked the career of the cartman at once.

"Never mind dear," said Mrs. Goldleaf. "We can buy new furniture. And your cousin Peregrine Post needs it so much, and Nellie was so grateful!"

And that was all the consolation I had.

From Sinner to Saint.

A Mussulman having served his term in prison is regarded almost as a saint, no matter as to the crime he has been condemned. For a Moslem to say that he has been confined in prison is to make a claim upon the respect and admiration of his fellow believers. A certain Mohammedan was released recently from prison after a term of three years for forgery. On his way to his house he was met by a crowd of his fellow believers, who cheered him loudly and slaughtered he goats before him, over the carcasses of which he had to step. For three days afterward his house was crowded with visitors coming to congratulate him and to express their respect and admiration for him. Among them were the most prominent men of the Mohammedan community of the city. Nor were these ovations expressions of disapproval of the punishment he had suffered, for his guilt had been proven to the satisfaction of his most ardent friends and defenders.

Tit for Tat.

The Springfield Republican tells this: "A Yale student recently handed in a paper to his professor and was surprised the next day to have it returned, with a note scrawled on the margin. He studied it diligently, but was unable to decipher the note, and so he brought his paper back to the professor. 'I can't quite make out what this is, if you please,' said the student. 'That, sir,' said the professor, 'why, that says—I cannot read your handwriting. You write illegibly, sir.'"

Accommodating.

"That Gas stove is a dandy," said the agent. "You can use it for heating purposes in the winter—make your house warm as toast—and then in summer you can cook with it."

But it would be hot in summer," said the customer.

"Oh, no," said the agent, it hardly gives out any heat at all."—New York Sun.

More so Than He Thought.

Mrs. Lookenback—Didn't you frequently vow, sir, when you were courting me, that you loved me to distraction?

Mr. Lookenback—Yes, and I never discovered until after our marriage how thoroughly distracted I was at the time.—Boston Courier.

INVENTIONS THAT PAY.

MINTS OF MONEY MADE OUT OF BRIGHT IDEAS.

One Million Dollars Realized from Baby's Rattle and Several Millions from the Cotton Tie—The Sheet-Iron Cat.

In reply to the question: "What is a patent?" the Yankee inventor once said: "It is the right to sue somebody." And the answer really embodies the most comprehensive definition of the word that could be found. The patent office annually issues 24,000 patents, and it is safe to say that out of them not less than half that number of lawsuits are evolved.

The great building at Washington could supply a fund of humor, of pathos, of romance, and of tragedy which might well furnish the novelists of the world with plots for a lifetime. As a rule the little inventions—that is, those which seemed really insignificant—have brought forth the greatest fortunes. The man who invented the tin rattle for babies retired with $1,000,000 to the good.

The return ball, which consisted of an ordinary rubber or wooden ball to which was attached a long elastic cord, was invented by a shoemaker in New York. It met with universal favor and the man who originated the idea found that it profited him to the extent of $50,000 per annum. It is said by those who are supposed to know that he never secured a patent on the device, but instead bought up all the rubber balls in the market, attached to them the elastic cords, and reaped his fortune while others were hustling around to find enough with which to compete for the prize. The wire bottle-stopper is a very simple contrivance and yet it has earned an immense fortune.

One of the remarkable "simple" inventions is the cotton tie. Formerly all cotton bales were tied with rope, but there were many objections to that process which hundreds of men sought to overcome, and at last one by the name of Cooms invented what was known as the "arrowhead" tie for an iron strap. The contrivance was so simple that cottonmen far and near quietly took their old pants from the closet hooks and kicked them around their rooms because they had not thought of it themselves. The tie went into immediate use, thousands of "improvements" were patented, and millions of the straps were sold and millions of dollars were realized. The man who at present controls the patent and the numerous assignments connected therewith, made to him by the various inventors of improvements, has purchased the famous Navarro flats in Fifty-seventh street and is the possessor of a large fortune beside.

Everybody remembers the "fifteen puzzle." Fifteen little blocks were placed in a square box, which was made to hold sixteen. The sixteenth space was left vacant, and block "fifteen" was placed between blocks "thirteen" and "fourteen." The problem was to arrange them in order without removing a block from the box. The idea was originated by a cripple, and from it he is said to have amassed a large fortune. The puzzle went everywhere—in the homes of the rich and poor alike.

"Pharaoh's serpent" was the invention of a Brooklyn man. It consisted of a little pill, to which a lighted match was touched, when a snake crawled forth and writhed and twisted after a most serpentine and fascinating fashion. The pills sold like wildfire—which, indeed, they were—and brought the inventor between $50,000 and $100,000. But it also cost him his life. In working upon an "improvement" in his laboratory he inhaled the fumes of the chemicals he was using and died from the poisonous effects produced upon him.

It was a Yankee who first thought of putting copper-tips on children's shoes and his check became good for magnificent sums.

Sometimes many years elapse before the good qualities of an invention are appreciated. The patent upon roller-skates had nearly expired before it realized any profit. Then somebody started a rink, and so made the skate inventor worth $1,000,000.

There is a mechanical sheetiron cat, with steel claws, which runs by clock-work and is warranted to "lick" any cat in Christendom. The cat is wound up and placed on the roof. Old rounders spy a newcomer and tackle him. Whew! When they light on his back a spring is touched and the mechanism works. There is a small cyclone on the roof, incessant yells, and—the old rounder retires to meditate on the uncertainties of life.

Danger in Envelopes.

The public is frequently warned by the medical profession of the danger which lurks in the practice of dampening the gum on envelopes with the tongue, and notwithstanding the many cases of virulent and serious diseases, especially of sphilitic type, which have been traced to such an origin, the practice is still almost universal. Among attempts which have been made to provide a means of escaping the necessity of licking the envelope is an automatic-lock envelope, which has been patented. On the flap of the envelope are two projecting flanges, and all that is necessary to close the envelope is to fold these flanges by clearly denoted lines and insert the flap, thus narrowed in a slot, whereupon the folded flanges automatically lock themselves, and the envelope cannot be opened without being torn.

The Royal Grandsons.

When the two sons of the Prince of Wales were visiting South America at a ball in Rio, Prince George was having a right good time, dancing with any of the pretty girls who took his fancy, irrespective of their social position, and neglecting the local big-wigs. His elder brother remonstrated with him.

"You go and sit down and whistle God save your grandmother and let me alone," said Prince George, and went on enjoying himself after his own fashion.—Life.

He Was Not Much of Anything.

It is told that one day during the war a squad of confederates, wearing captured blue overcoats, rode up to a house in Tennessee and greeted the owner with: "Well, old man, what are you, reb or yank?" Puzzled by the blue coats and gray pants, and not knowing to which army his visitors belonged, Old Caution answered: "Well, gentlemen, I'm nothin', and very little of that."—New Orleans New Delta.

TOXICOLOGY IN NOVEL WRITING

Deadly Poison Which Must Be Clothed in Indian Names.

From the story of the physician in the "Arabian Nights," who impregnated the leaves of a book with a subtle poison, which the unjust king absorbed through wetting his finger to turn the leaves, down to the most recent story in the dime novel series, novelists have reveled in the notion of a poison which is silent, but instantaneously fatal, at the same time leaving no trace of its presence. The stories of the crimes of the Borgias, of the death-dealing work of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, of the well-known "succession powders" of England, of the aqua tofana of Italy, all rest upon this assumption.

Modern science, however, with its realistic iconoclasm, has interfered seriously with the operations of this tool of the novelists' trade. The subject of toxicology has been closely and exhaustively studied, the result being that science now declares that one cannot be poisoned without the cause of death being made certain by an autopsy, and more than this, that the kind of poison used may be named with almost as much certainty as though the chemist or analyst had seen it administered.

No longer can the novelist put his characters out of the way with a pinch of powder dissolved in a glass of wine, nor cause them to sink insensible from the inhalation of a poison hidden in a bouquet of flowers. The man of science comes with his test tubes and apparatus for analysis and makes out so clear a case that even a trial jury cannot escape the couclusions which he draws.

A very cursory review of modern sensational fiction will show that the novelists have learned to appreciate the limitations which science has imposed on their fancy in this respect. Instead of the familiar white powder, or anything of that sort, the writer of fiction is now compelled to go farther afield for his poisons, and to procure them from strange lands and comparatively unknown countries. He has to introduce an agent for his purpose from Africa or the Indies or the interior of South America, where the properties of the flora are comparatively unknown.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Fertile.

Tourist—From what I have heard, I judge that the soil in this region is very fertile.

Kansan—Fertile? It's a heap too fertile!

Tourist—What do you mean?

Kansan—Wal, it's this way, stranger. For instance, vines in growin' drag the melons around so fast that the friction heats the water inside till it turns to steam an' they explode like bilers. Week ago Tuesday, my oldest boy fell offen the ladder he was usin' in gatherin' corn an' broke his arm. Last month, the baby poked a han'ful uv corn down a knot-hole in the floor, an' fer several days it made us hustle to keep the stalks from pushin' the floor clear up to the ceilin'. Fertile don't express it, an'——

Tourist (smelling a rat)—Ah, I suppose you are a real estate agent.

Kansan—Nope! I'm pastor uv the church over thar on the rise. Come to prayer-meetin' to-night.

The Stupid Men of To-day.

Talleyrand, looking back, declared that he who had not lived before the French revolution knew nothing of the charm of living. Now, however, in England, at least, conversation, like letter writing and a hundred of other social joys of a quiet and leisurely age, is fled, and in their places we have telegrams, slang and slovenliness, says a writer in the Gentlemen's Magazine. There seems to be a general agreement that in our time conversation is in a bad way. Without repose, without a certain strain of old-world courtesy, without manners, in short, conversation is impossible. Many will agree with M. Renan, who finds this to be a pushing, selfish, democratic age, of which "first come first served" is the rule, and which has ceased to pay any heed of civility.

FANCIES IN JEWELRY.

Ball-shaped watches suspended from a chatelaine chain are liked by many.

The fleur-de-lis is a graceful and favorite design in brooches and in chatelaines.

Among the costly ornaments, rank diamond chatelaines and pendant watches.

A unique bracelet is the one of woven chain showing strands of silver, different gold, and plantinum.

It is the correct thing now to add a souvenir spoon to the conventional christening present of pap-bowl and mug.

Stocking suspenders of gay-colored silk elastic ribbon, with silver trimmings, rival in popularity the silver-clasped garters.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

Scrubbing brushes should be kept with the bristles down and they will last twice as long.

To loosen a glass stopper drop a little oil around the stopper and place the bottle near the fire.

If sponge cake is mixed with cold water it is yellow, but if the water be boiling hot the cake will be white.

A spoonful of oxgall to a gallon of water will set the colors of almost any goods soaked in it before washing.

Ink stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt water, and let it stand over night.

To remove stains of blood, saturate the spots in kerosene and let stand for a time, afterwards wash out in warm water.

To remove ink from carpets wet with sweet milk and sprinkle with salt. Leave this for a few hours and then wash with clear water.

Lemon juice will whiten frosting, cranberry or strawberry juice will color it pink and the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will color it yellow.

Put camphor gum with your new silverware, and it will never tarnish as long as the gum is there. Never wash silver in soapsuds, as that gives it a white appearance.

Galvanized articles may be cleansed by a solution of one part of borax in sixteen parts of water, which is rubbed on with a brush or sponge. Afterward wash with clear water and dry with a linen cloth.

In washing pongee do not boil or scald the goods; it will stand hard rubbing if necessary. Let it get quite dry, then press with as hot an iron as possible, when the silk will look like new. Silk handkerchiefs should be quite dry before ironing to prevent them turning yellow.

FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES,

It Will Not Pay to Attempt to Raise Them, However Much They May be Needed—When Wanted, Find Them.

The General-Purpose Horse.

The time was when among our farmers one room answered for kitchen, parlor and bed room. The time was when one wagon took the grain to market one day, the manure to the field the next, and the family to church on Sabbath. The combined reaper and mower did good service in its day. Examples of this kind might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but we desist and come back to the text. While breeds have been developed for draft, trotting and running, so far as we have studied the history of horse breeding, no united effort has ever been made to develop a general-purpose breed. This may seem strange when the service of a large proportion of farmers requires a horse of all work. A little reflection, horsemen, however, will reveal the fact to any one that united effort requires unanimity of sentiment. Intelligent horsemen have all agreed upon standards of excellence for each of the four recognized classes of horses, namely, runners, trotters, coachers and drafts. All are working toward their respective standards, but none claimed to have attained to them. While individuals may have individual preferences, some admiring more size, others more quality all agree upon the general characteristics of their class.

With the general-purpose horse it is different, as scarcely two men will select the same animal as their ideal from a ring of a dozen or more horses of various types. The truth is, every man has a special purpose in his mind, whether he knows it or not, and he will tell you what it is before you talk with him many minutes. One man will tell you he does not want to take other people's dust, if he does go with a lighter load; another will tell you he wants a team that can walk all day with a plow, running 7 to 8 inches deep; and that he wants power in a team ten times for once he wants speed. Does not each of those men (and there are hosts of farmers just like them) have a special purpose in view and could there be a race of horses developed to suit these different tastes?

But even if such a thing was attempted it would not be profitable, for there has been a surplus of that class of "betweens," not heavy enough for draft, and not smart enough for roadsters, nor stylish enough for coachers. As has been said, specialists never have, and never will, reach their ideal, and of course a large number of their productions cannot be classed as special purpose animals. Among this host each buyer can find what suits his taste cheaper than he can produce it.

Whipping Horses.

Prof. Wagner, in writing upon the subject of whipping horses, says: "Many think they are doing finely and are proud of their success in horse training by means of severe whipping or otherwise arousing or stimulating the passions, and through necessity crushing the will through which the resistence is prompted. No mistake can be greater than this, and there is nothing that so fully exhibits the ability, judgment and skill of the real horseman as the care displayed in winning instead of repelling the action of his mind. Although it may be necessary to use the whip sometimes, it should always be applied judiciously, and great care should be taken not to arouse the passions or excite the obstinacy. The legitimate and proper use of the whip is calculated to operate upon the sense of fear almost entirely. The affectionate and better nature must be appealed to in training horses as well as in training children, but if only the passions are excited the effect is depraving and injurious. This is a vital principal, and can be disregarded in the management of sensitive and courageous horses only at the risk of spoiling them. I have known many horses of a naturally gentle character to be spoiled by whipping once.

Rearing Lambs.

According to Col. Curtis, it costs twice as much with the average farmer to grow a winter lamb as it does a summer one. His average conditions are not favorable. He should get twice as much in the winter as in the summer to come out even. It is not so much what you get for a lamb as how much margin there may be between the cost and the price obtained. The winter lamb requires a special place to be born in and to stay in. The average farmer has not the conveniences to do this business profitably. Another thing (referring to American sheep-breeding particularly, says the colonel), I found when in Virginia, that all the planters were talking about winter lambs, and so away down into the Carolinas, Tennessee, and other states. Sheep feel the effects of the cold, and the average farmer must be converted in the care of sheep before he can make a success of winter lambs. No; it is better to arrange to put the lambs into market in midsummer. Sheep must not be turned into the cold, and especially in stormy weather.

Losses in Moving Bees.

In cloudy weather bees sometimes remain out all night, and come home safely the next morning. Take a hive from its accustomed place on the stand and close it one whole day, so that no bees can go out, yet wandering bees, evidently belonging to that swarm, will be found next morning at the old place of business. This shows that however much care is taken to avoid losses, some are inevitable when bees are moved from place to place during the season of work. It is best even not to make changes in hive stands or other signals by which bees when they leave home have a mark enabling each to distinguish his own domicile when it returns.

The Unappreciated Kitchen Garden.

Very few people appreciate the possibility of a garden. They get a few dinners from a small variety of "green stuff" late in the summer, and have a few kinds of vegetables to store away in the cellar in the fall; when all the time the possibilities of the garden were such, that they might have lived on the fat of the land, from early in the summer until late in the fall, with delicious jars of canned sweet corn, green peas, squash, pumpkin, string beans, and other delectable articles, as would make a "winter garden" until summer came again. There is health, some wealth and a great deal of luxury, in a properly made, and a properly cared-for kitchen garden.

Early Maturity Mutton.

The old theory that prime mutton can only be had from three and four-year-old wethers has exploded. Indeed two-year-olds now are rare. One-year-olds seem to be growing more numerous every year and are becoming the staple mutton of the country, notwithstanding it was once thought that sheep could not be put in first-class order at that age. Everybody goes in for early maturity, and probably it is only by so doing that mutton-making can be made to pay, excepting, of course, in the case of old ewes, which make up a proportion of the fat sheep killed every year, and which may, under certain circumstances, leave a good profit for fattening.

Nothing is more certain than that the age at which sheep can be fattened is being constantly lessened. During recent years the fat stock clubs have been compelled to entirely recast their prize lists.

Brains on the Farm.

A man may have the most fertile soil and raise the largest kind of crops, but if he has not brains enough to know how to go about selling what he has to the best advantage, somebody else will be very likely to reap the profit, not he. He may, even, have the best knowledge in the world as to where the best market is, and the best "knack" of finding out who will give the best prices, but if he fails in judgment as to what crops to raise, and how to successfully grow them, he simply does not get along.

The Poultry Lot.

In fattening in confinement better results will be secured by having the places just light enough for the fowls to see how to eat well.

Yellow manure is an indication of liver trouble and a good cartheric can be given with benefit.

If the young chickens are confined in coops at night they should be let out early in the morning.

The drinking water should be changed two or three times every day regularly; pure water is essential to good health.

Plenty of gravel, a good supply of burnt bones pounded fine with lime and ashes, all tend to keep the fowls in health.

Kaffir corn makes a good winter feed for poultry; it withstands drought well and in many cases can be made a profitable crop to grow for this purpose.

It is usually rather poor economy to feed young poultry with the older ones; there is much danger of the young fowls getting run over and trampled down.

Live-Stock and Farm Notes.

Good grooming is necessary for the health of horses.

Do the greatest part of your farm work with productive mares.

Horses given good care require less feed to keep them in good condition.

While the feed has much to do with the quality of milk the breed of the cow has more.

The creamery does the work of a hundred hands and turns out a much more even product.

As a rule, after a cow passes her eighth year, she loses, to some extent, her capacity for giving milk.

Hogs will not do well if they are compelled to lie in the hot sun. They suffer with the heat more than any other class of stock.

If you are short of forage try some of the new forage crops on a small scale but make either corn or sorghum the principal reliance until value is definitely ascertained.

Under general conditions all around farming will be found the best, but if your soil seems especially adapted to any one variety of crops and a good market can be secured, stick to that.

Hints.

If a little cornstarch is put in the salt for the table it it will keep it from lumping, and the pretty little shakers will not have so hard a scolding in damp weather.

To seed raisins, take one cupful of raisins at a time, put them in a bowl and pour boiling water on them. After they have stood for a short time remove the seeds by cutting through the center with a small knife, and the warm water prevents them from sticking unpleasantly to the fingers.

An American author, whose excellent eyesight was wonderful, when one considered her age and the immense amount of literary labor she performed, attributed it mainly to the custom of bathing her eyes freely in water as hot as it could be borne, night and morning, a habit continued for many years.

Perhaps the most effective way of marking the table cloths is to embroider the initials or monograms, in white real Scotch linen thread. This monogram should be worked in the corner of each napkin or the tablecloth in large script letters. The letters are first marked out with pencil and then raised roughly with thread worked lengthwise. This will raise the letters sufficiently so that the plain embroidery stitch known as "over and over," can finish off the work nicely. They should be ironed on the wrong side and the letters will then wash without fraying out. All fancy table linen should be marked in this way and especial pains should be taken to make the lettering on the napkins find and attractive.

The Farmer's Disinfectant.

The farmer has at his command a disinfectant, a cleansing, purifying agent better than any patent he can buy. It costs nothing, except the labor of procuring it. It is earth, fresh, clean earth.

The nests of setting hens should be made of earth with only a thin layer of cut straw on top. A dust bin is indispensable. If the fowls have it, the earth is used plentifully under the roosts and in the nests, lice are banished.

Used in the stables, it absorbs the liquid manure, and holds it till used, thus becoming in itself a rich fertilizer. Several inches of earth should be under the cows' fore feet as they stand in the stalls, and renewed as often as it works back to the gutter. This saves the planking, and prevents the hoofs from making holes in it.

Earth is a foe to vermin, and if used plentifully in the poultry quarters, lice cannot live. Here, also, is an absorbent, and the droppings are saved and by the admixture of earth, prepared in part for use in the spring. This is the richest fertilizer on the farm—equal to guano, and the earth may be the savings bank in which it is deposited.

In the sheep, pig and young stock pens earth should be used with a lavish hand, for it is the farmer's scavenger—it enables him to gather up the fragments of manure, and there is no part of the farm economy more important than this gleaning and saving of the natural fertilizers. It is the life of the farmer—of the farm—it is his bank, and the dividends are sure. Whoever begins winter without a big bank of earth to draw upon has neglected to make a good investment.